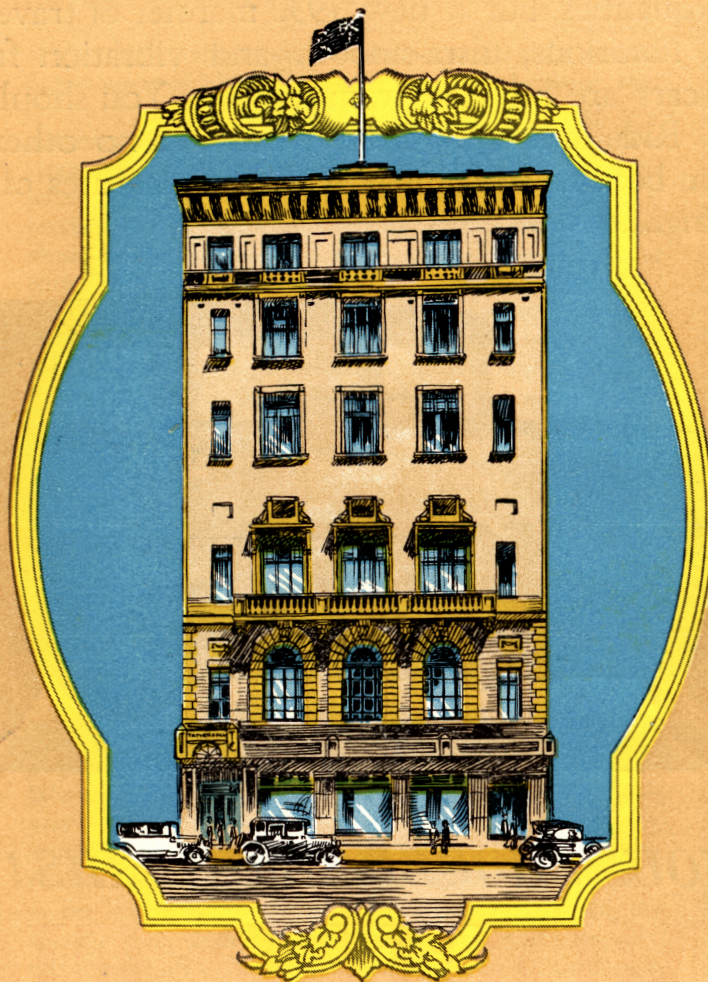


TATTERSALL'S CLUB (*SYDNEY*)



MAGAZINE

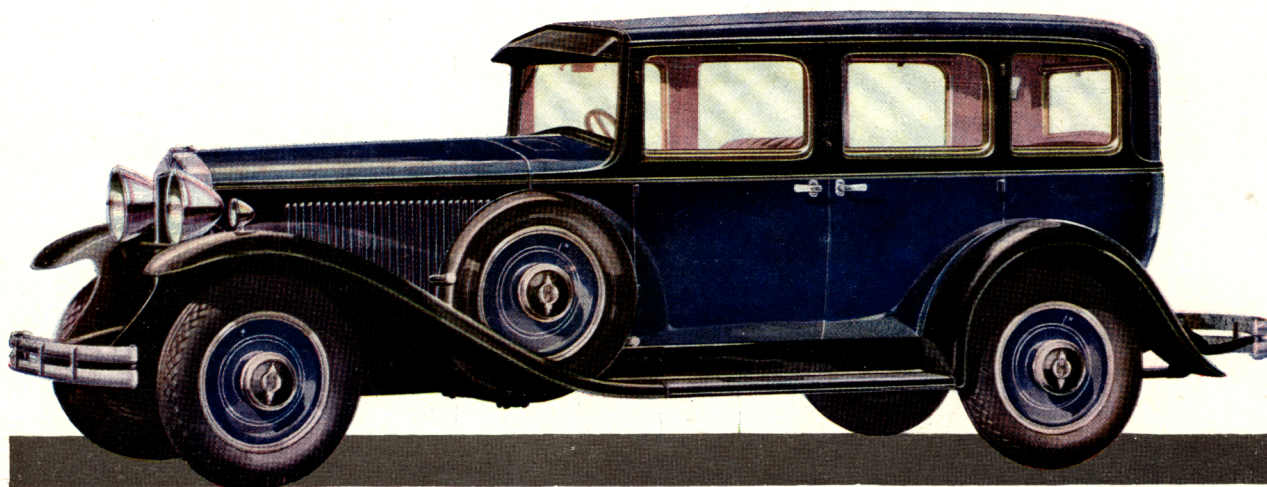
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Vol. 2—No. 2

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 2. No. 2.

March 7, 1930.

Price Sixpence

ANOTHER YEAR

This issue marks the conclusion of another year of the Club's activities, and it is to be earnestly hoped that members will continue to support the Club as generously as they have done in the past by patronising the various departments as often as possible, and, furthermore, that they will interest themselves in the introduction of new members. As has already been announced, it is the intention of the Committee to close the roll of members when the number of two thousand five hundred is reached, and at the present rate of increase this will come about during the course of the next twelve months, as at 28th February the roll stood at 2,015.

In reviewing the past year it is of moment to remind members that the year just ended is the second complete year in the new Club premises, and it is highly pleasing to be able to say that the results achieved were equally as satisfactory as those exhibited in the Club accounts for the year ended 28th February, 1929.

It has been pointed out in previous issues that men who are engaged in the usual round of life as one finds it in the city can surely have no finer rendezvous than one possessing the comfort and the convenience of Tattersall's Club. Any man is in himself more or less proud to be able to extend to others the little courtesies that mean so much in life, and because of that the cultivation of a healthy spirit of clubship is a good and a high aim, and there is little doubt that Club members as a body are fully alive to the desirability of extending, wherever possible, such a feeling in Club matters and activities. We think, therefore, that with the advent of another year each and every member can help things along very considerably by bringing into the membership those of his friends with whom he would desire to fraternise in the way that club men delight to do. After all, the average man, with his love of congenial male company, hies himself off to his Club where he knows he can always have a little bit of chat, a friendly game of bridge, a stick at billiards, or enter into the other recreations usually provided by any well-found Club. Off hand one supposes it would be hard to find happier little coteries of members than those which during the day, and sometimes well into the evening, change opinions on a thousand subjects in the Club Rooms, or have a game of this or that. Because that privilege is appreciated, we believe, by every member, it is urged that no stone should be left unturned so that others, on the nomination of their friends, may be elected in order that the list of members may be brought speedily up to full capacity.

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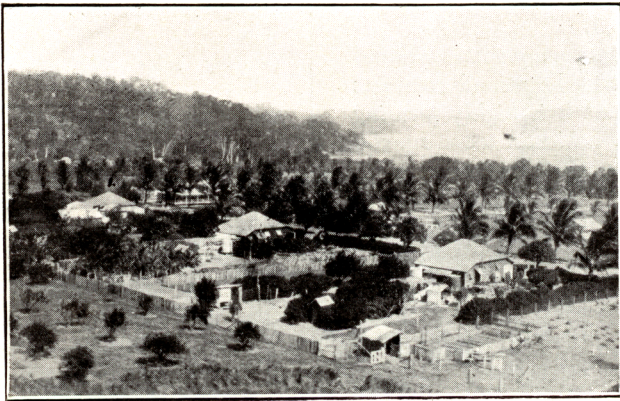


A Night of Terror

The Awful Tragedy on Palm Island

[The terrible happenings on Palm Island at the beginning of February was narrated in brief telegrams which were published in the daily papers, but which gave an entirely inadequate account of the tragedy, and left many points obscure. Our Townsville correspondent has sent us a complete and most dramatic narrative which presents the maniacal outbreak of Superintendent Curry in a pathetic and entirely convincing light, as being due to mental derangement caused by the recent death of his wife. We have also received from our correspondent photographs of the different scenes on Palm Island relating to the tragedy. The photographs are reproduced in our illustrations hereunder.]

From Rollingstone, a small railway station, on the Townsville-Ingham line, came the first intimation of the awful tragedy that early on the morning of February 3rd had occurred at Palm Island, the Queensland Government Aboriginal Settlement.



Administrative buildings of Settlement. Last building on left in background is Superintendent's house, where Miss and Master Curry were blown up. House was burnt to ground. Assistant Superintendent's house in centre was also burnt. Hills in background where women and children hid from maniac.

Brought to Rollingstone by a party of four natives, the message 'phoned by the station-master to the police at Townsville read: "We are in sore straits and distress; without rations. Stores, Superintendent's house, Assistant Superintendent's house, and offices burnt to the ground. Doctor and Matron shot and urgently in need of medical attention. Police also urgently needed." A postscript added: "Curry has gone mad; burnt place and shot doctor and wife." The message was signed L. Hoffman, Assistant Superintendent.

In a small skiff the natives had set out with the message, intending to land on the mainland below Ingham, but favourable winds enabled them to make for the mouth of Rollingstone Creek. From there they hurried to the railway station with the message of death and destruction, reaching the station late on the afternoon of the same day. Within the space of a couple of hours the launch "Malita" was on her way to the

Island with an armed police force, a doctor and provisions.

Grim as the message was, little did local citizens and the authorities acquainted with the Island and its habits dream of the holocaust of death and destruction



The School for Aboriginal Children and group of pupils attending it.

that had visited the Settlement. The return of the "Malita" revealed the story of a tragedy unparalleled in the annals of tragic happenings in our fair State.

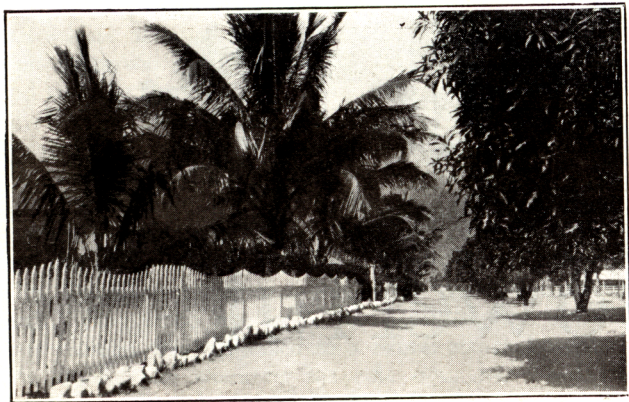
The crazed mind of Robert Henry Curry, labouring under a delusion, had conceived and carried into terrible effect a plan of revenge that brought in its trail a havoc of death, of suffering and wanton destruction, that cast a black cloud over the fair face of the gem-set Pacific Isle. An uncut gem of beauty and brilliancy that under the care and guidance of Curry's master hand had been cut and restored to its setting, transformed from the roughness of unproductiveness to a thriving settlement,



Happy group of Cardwell Camp Aboriginals indulging in their ceremonial dances.

Palm Island sheltered, and sustaining a colony of human souls without losing one iota of its natural beauty and brilliancy. When the State Aboriginal Settlement on the mainland of North Queensland at Hull River was destroyed by the disastrous cyclone of 1918 the Queensland Government, deciding against rebuilding on the

mainland, sought a place combining space and isolation suitable for carrying on the good and just work of caring for the fast disappearing remnants of her once large aboriginal tribes. Palm Island, across the Hinchinbrook Channel and within handy distance to the coast at Townsville and Ingham, offered space and the ideal isolation so necessary in the effective care of these simple minded children of nature.



Mango Tree Avenue leading from beach at Challenger Bay. School on right in background.

From Hull River, Robert Henry Curry, then in his early thirties, was sent to form and take charge of a settlement at Palm Island. Virile, untiring, a capable organiser, deft at many trades, and of vast initiative, Bob Curry was a born leader with a wonderful knowledge of native psychology. Under his administration the Settlement grew and thrived until to-day Palm Island shelters 800 aboriginals and provides employment for seven white males and two females, who with their families form quite a community. Challenger Bay, on the western side of the Island, provides the main settlement. There from the store that stood on the beach, and nearby the main office, a fine avenue of mango trees stretches back to where the Superintendent's house faced the sea. In a line and on one side is the girls' dormitory, and on the other side stood the Assistant Superintendent's house. Laid out in conformity are the rest of the residences of the other members of the staff. Further along in a clean cool setting is a fine big and well built hospital, and towards the other end of the beach a large open building with a thatched roof did duty as a native school.

Further back and in a semi-circle is arranged the native settlement. Each tribe enjoys a separate portion, and the various groups of native houses are known as camps. There, although working together each day, the members of the several different tribes, representative of districts scattered from the Central and Coastal divisions right throughout and back to the Gulf and Far West of Queensland, enjoy the privacy of their own particular home life. Inter-tribal quarrels and such like friction is thereby minimised and practically made non-existent.

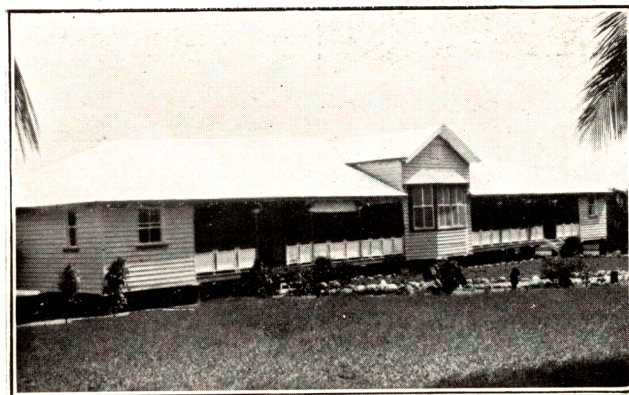
In a little bay a short distance away a white man

is in charge of a sawmill that supplies the Settlement with most of its sawn timber.

Agriculture work is carried on by all members of the native community, and under the expert tuition of the late Superintendent a variety of native tradesmen with their apprentices follow in expert fashion their several and different vocations.

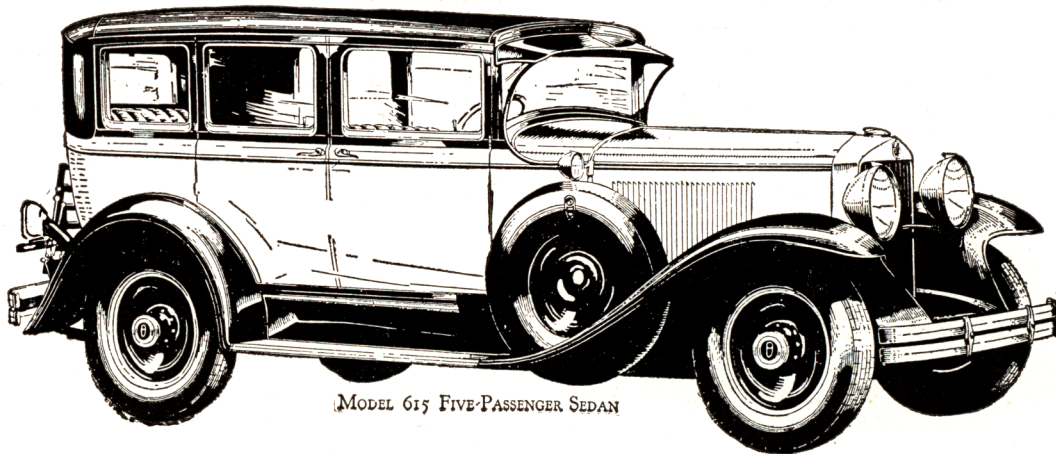
Temperamental and high strung, with a fund of restless energy that found an outlet in hard work, the Superintendent was a strict disciplinarian. This at times brought him into conflict with the other white members of the Settlement staff. A temper that up to the recent death of his wife was always kept under reasonable control had of late been responsible for outbursts that brought physical suffering to the victims of his wrath. And in two instances the punishment meted out to a black-gin and an assault on the Settlement doctor were the subjects of magisterial inquiries into the conduct of the affairs of the Settlement.

The recent loss of his wife robbed Robert Curry of a sympathetic and discerning mate. To a man of his sensitive, high-strung nature, the loss meant more than life itself. And despite the happy home life shared with his nine year old son and his step-daughter who took his name—a bright, pleasant, young woman just out of her teens and a teacher of the white children on the Island, there is little doubt that with the death of his wife Curry gave way to fits of morbidness. Worring over petty annoyances, he deluded himself into believing that his world at Palm Island and his years of strife and self-sacrifice were about to be brought tumbling around him. In this state of mind he no doubt conceived and carried out the diabolic scheme of revenge, uncanny in its consummation and devastating in its results. And in the crazed brain of Curry the holo-



The Palm Island Hospital. Designed and built by Superintendent Curry.

caust was fired that destroyed the lives of happy, smiling Edna Curry and bright little Robert Curry. Just on the threshold of a new life, Edna Curry, or Mather, to give the unfortunate victim her right name, had but 36 hours previously announced her engagement to an Ingham resident. Who knows but that this intelligence may have hastened the terrible tragedy. Brooding over the loss of his wife, and then faced with the knowledge that his daughter, and one he had loved as his own, was



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soon to leave his home darker and more dismal by her absence, Curry may have in his distorted mind given away to the demon of despair.

Calling at the Assistant Superintendent's home about midnight on Sunday, February 2nd, Curry made known his intention of straightaway proceeding in his car to the farm to bring in a native who was to be sent to the Townsville Hospital for special treatment. Curry went off, but in the early hours of Monday morning returned and paid a visit to the residence of the doctor, who was fast asleep, as was also his wife. Dr. and Mrs. Maitland Patterson had changed their usual sleeping abode, and the first intimation they had of a visitor was the report of a rifle and the sound of crockery smashing. Sensing that the bed had been shifted, Curry then turned and fired three shots into the other corner of the room. The first shot struck the doctor in the act of rising, tearing a gaping hole through the lower part of the abdomen, and emerging through the left thigh. The second shot Mrs. Patterson received through the right side of the neck. Staggering out on to the verandah the unfortunate woman was subjected to a brutal attack by Curry, who broke the stock of his rifle over her head and shoulders. Then, leaving them both for dead, the maniac hurried to his own home, and after throwing a charge of dynamite into the room occupied by his daughter and son set fire to the residence. Crossing to the house of Mr. Hoffman, his assistant, the crazed Superintendent smashed in a bedroom window and with a quantity of benzine soon had the house a raging inferno. Hoffman, awakened by the explosion, had with his wife hurried across to Curry's place. Detected racing back to his own home, he was fired at by the killer, but escaped uninjured. Thoroughly awakened, the white members of the community were hurried to the shelter of a wooded hill, where for several hours the women and children suffered agonies of fear and suspense. Under the trees in the dripping wet, tormented by hordes of mosquitoes, nine children and five women, in the care of Mr. Davidson, the schoolmaster, spent a night of terror, watching with staring eyes the glare of fires that marked the destruction of their homes.

Hurrying over to Hoffman's, Mr. Ballard, the storekeeper, was met by Curry, who boasted of shooting the doctor and his wife, and threatened unless Ballard made himself scarce to treat him likewise. Hurrying off, Ballard collected the women and children, and with the schoolmaster hurried them to shelter, away from the sight of the blood-lusting maniac.

Curry, continuing his charge of ruthlessness, in turn set fire to and demolished the office, store and school buildings.

After parading the beach for several hours and warning the aborigines against attempting to leave the Island with a message for help, Curry, with a Murray Island boy named Mad Jack, pulled out in a dinghy to the two launches. Shattering the engine of the larger launch with a plug of dynamite, he then set fire to it, and, getting into the other launch, left the Settlement, waving a handkerchief as he passed out on his way to Fantome Island. At Fantome a lock hospital is under the care of Mr. Morcom, and is run in connection with the Settlement.

Warned by signals from the main settlement, Morcom awaited the arrival of the killer. Finding the lock hospital members prepared, Curry, staying only long enough to secure a tin of fresh water, boasted to Morcom of what he had done. In explaining the death of his children, Curry said he had drugged them before leaving home that night so as they would not feel the death that later came hurtling into the room in the form of dynamite.

Before leaving Fantome Island the maniac avowed his intention of cutting off communication with the mainland. Then later in the day he intended returning to the Settlement. He said that after massacring the remainder of the whites he would stay about and have some fun with the police boat that he knew must eventually come over.

While Curry rested off Curoso, watching for any sign of helpers attempting to slip across the Channel, Morcom hastened from Fantome Island to Palm Island. There he greatly assisted in attending to the bandaging of the doctor and Mrs. Patterson. Curry, true to his boast to Morcom, returned late in the afternoon to Palm Island. Dressed in a red bathing costume with a bandolier of cartridges strung across his shoulders, and brandishing two revolvers, he stepped ashore and walked up the beach towards the settlement. But he had not gone far before a party of armed blackfellows stepped out from shelter and opened fire. With a bullet wound in both wrists and a gun-shot wound in the abdomen Curry fell. Hurried to the Hospital, he lived several hours, but, beyond asking for his children, made no attempt to discuss the happenings of the night and day. Informed by Mr. Hoffman that he (Curry) knew what happened to the children when he blew them up and set fire to the house, Curry replied, "It was just as well I did so. I would not wish for them to have grown up and have people say their father was a murderer." When the launch with the police and doctor arrived late that night they approached the anchorage very warily. However, a dinghy was soon alongside, and they received in full a story of tragedy and horror hard to conceive. While the doctor attended to the Settlement doctor and his wife, the police collected the charred remains of the unfortunate children, and these with the body of their father were later brought across to Townsville for burial. Suffering from a bullet wound in the neck, a fracture of the skull and injuries to her back and wrist, Mrs. Paterson followed the stretcher-bearers as they conveyed Dr. Paterson off the "Malita" and into the ambulance car for removal to the Hospital. Semi-conscious for two hours of that terrible night, Mrs. Paterson, who acted as matron of the Settlement Hospital, bandaged and attended her husband without any knowledge of what she was doing. The doctor ligatured his own leg, and later the attention and dressing of Mr. Morcom sustained and assisted him to cheat the intended fate of the madman's bullet until the arrival of a doctor.

With his own death Robert Curry expiated his awful crime—a crime that, in addition to destroying nearly £7,000 worth of property, involved the sacrifice of two bright and innocent young lives and brought awful suffering to two other fellow-beings.

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Yearling Sales, 1930

H. Chisholm & Co.'s High Class Catalogue

Messrs. H. Chisholm & Co.'s advertisement in this issue of the magazine draws attention to yearlings to be offered by them at their Randwick Sale Stables on Thursday, 24th April, and the following Monday, 28th April.

The catalogue is indeed a high class one and worthy of the attention of all intending purchasers. High class drafts of yearlings have been received from studmasters of New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand and are of a high standard. Mr. J. F. Foster of the Cullengoral Stud, Gulgong, is represented by high class yearlings by Caravel (imp.), Heroic and Moabite (imp.), including a fine colt out of the A.J.C. St. Leger winner, Lady Valais. He is also offering the first of the progeny of Scaliger (imp. son of Clarissimus (sire of Claro) and a close relation to Rossendale, Heroic, Night, Raid, etc.). Scaliger unfortunately died in January, 1930. Mr. Harry Taylor's draft is as usual all quality and are mostly by his successful sire, Caravel (imp.). Included among them is a fine colt by Heroic and a colt by Rossendale (imp.) from Pansy (imp.) and, therefore, a brother to that good mare, Panola, and to Vertigern, a good performer in New Zealand. Captain C. J. Chisholm of Khancoban Stud, Upper Murray, who offered his yearlings at the Sydney Sales for the first time in 1929, is represented by a fine draft of yearlings, the first of the progeny of his splendid sire, Dignity (son of Gainsborough). Dignity (imp.) was a high class winner in England and retired sound in wind and limb. He is one of the highest qualified horses at the Stud in Australia. Easily the pick of this draft is the chestnut colt from Emelie (a half-brother to Emilita, winner Tasmanian Derby, 1930, and he is closely related to Valamita, Belgamba, etc. The whole of Captain Chisholm's yearlings are in fact all quality and are from winning strains. The yearlings to be offered on account of Mr. I. G. Duncan of the Elderslie Stud, New Zealand, are without doubt one of the best drafts he has offered in Sydney for several years. They include stock by those successful sires, Tea Tray (imp.) and Paper Money (imp.) and many are from young English mares lightly raced in England and sent straight to New Zealand for Stud purposes.

The Lyndhurst (Queensland) yearlings are also a high class draft by High Force (imp.) sire of Wise Force and a close relation to Valais (imp.), Seremond (imp. sire of Mollison and Highfield (imp. sire of High Syce and Highland, good w.f.a. performers) and this should be sufficient recommendation for purchasers in search of high class yearlings. Mr. A. P. Wade of Borambola Park, Wagga, will offer a splendid draft of Top Gallant yearlings from some splendidly bred English mares and good performers and from those New Zealand performers, Radiant Light, Conceit, Purple Lilac, etc. Also to be offered by Mr. Wade is a fine filly by Limond (imp.) from Mascot (a great performer in New Zealand) and a colt by Tea Tray (imp.) from Kukume (N.Z.), a half-

sister to Satrap, winner of the St. Leger. Included is a full sister to Gallopade and a brother to Gallant Light, etc. On account of Sir Hugh Denison will be submitted three fine yearlings by Legionnaire, two colts and a filly, and a yearling by Windbag, all bred on the best of lines. The yearlings by Spearhead (imp.) to be offered on account of the Estate of the late Hon. Norman Falkiner are a splendid lot and include a half-brother to Royal Charter and Standard Bearer, a colt from Artilleryman's sister and a colt from a half-sister to Shrapnel. There are other fine yearlings by this sire and the draft also includes high class yearlings by David, Crowdenis (imp.) and the last addition to Noorilim—Ornamentation (imp. son of Tracery, a good English winner, and a close relation to Solario, the best horse of his year in England). Mr. W. Booth will be represented by several first-class lots by Rossendale, Heroic and Treclare (closely related to Speciality, Luita, etc.), Beau Fils (imp.) sire of several two-year-old winners this season is represented by six yearlings on account of the Estate of the late W. E. Mitchell and all out of young mares.

The yearlings to be offered by Mr. E. A. Haley by his sires, Redfern (imp.) and East Tor (imp.) son of Sir Eager, sire of Drake (imp.) are as usual first-class lots. Mr. P. E. Brown of Randwick Lodge, Whittingham, will submit a nice draft of yearlings by Rosewing (imp.) sire of five two-year-old winners in his first season and also a fine colt by Spelthorne (imp.) from the Buckwheat mare, Brank. Silverado (imp.) will be represented by a good draft of yearlings from Mr. A. G. Reynolds' Stud, Bulga, N.S.W.

One of the highest class yearlings to be offered will be a Magpie colt from Welkin Queen (the dam of Grecian Orator) on account of the Estate of the late Geo. Hall. Mr. Hunter White will offer several colts by that successful sire, Tippler (imp.) including brothers to Malthos and Lorason. The Angle Stud, Dubbo, will offer a fine colt by Rossendale (imp.), a brother to Oatendale and several fine yearlings by Shillinglee (imp.), while Mr. W. G. Stead of Flaxmere, New Zealand, will be represented by yearlings of his sire, Leighton (imp.) sire of Cimabue, etc. Mr. Walter Harrison's yearlings are by Great Barrier (imp.) and Red Gauntlet and include relations to Mountaineer, Highlander, In the Shade, Amounis, etc. These yearlings are the last draft to be offered on Thursday, 24th April, and should be worth the attention of buyers.

Other Vendors and Sires represented in the catalogue are V. Brennan (Orby's Pride), S. A. Marden (Top Gallant (imp.), Ornamentation (imp.), Rosewing (imp.), H. C. Rouse (Brazen, imp. son of Phalaris; his first progeny), Sage Bruce, Drake (imp.), The Wooden Horse (imp.), John Lobston (Moabite (imp.), Backwood (imp.), J. W. Robinson, Gundagai, Talisman (imp. son of Gay Crusader; first progeny), W. H. Mackay, Junr., Scone (Rossendale (imp.), Nassau (imp.).

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Along the Zambesi

This is the last instalment of the reminiscences of an old time hunter and his experiences with lions. Mr. George Lee, who is the author of this article, was for many years in Rhodesia and along the Zambesi and tells his story racily.—Ed. "T.M."

The lion is termed the King of Beasts, but like human kings sometimes finds his subjects one too many for him. In Mashonaland once when I was after a herd of sable that had been reported in the vicinity, I came across a dead lion and a dead buffalo. There was evidence that they had not been dead long and the jackals and hyenas had not been at the carcasses. It was the aasvogels (vultures) that attracted me to the scene. The lion had evidently been gored by the buffalo, who in turn had died from a fearful mauling. The buffalo when aroused or wounded is a game and fearsome fighter.

I have never known of any one thing of which a lion is really frightened, such as the fear displayed by elephants for mice. Lions are supposed by experienced naturalists to be scared of fire; yet I have known a lion to spring into a circle of fires, seize a Makalanga woman and carry her off with a dozen natives around. Then there is the case of the lion-hunters of the Bieramashonaland railway. Lions are supposed to fear entering huts or houses and sensing traps.

A lion had taken a native near a water tank of a railway station, and until that lion should be killed the natives were on strike. The stationmaster acquainted headquarters of the fact and the next train brought along the special coach of the professional lion hunters kept by the railway department to meet such emergencies.

The coach was pulled in to the siding. That evening two of the hunters decided that as it was a bright moonlight night they would have a look around for Simba. They were exceedingly fine shots, and by long experience had grown slightly contemptuous of lions. The third hunter, who was suffering from a bout of fever, decided to remain in the coach. He turned into his bunk and drew the mosquito curtain around him . . .

After an unsuccessful search for the lion the two returned to find signs that their companion had been dragged out from under his mosquito net and carried off by the lion, who had adopted the tactics that the best defence was offence. The moon had set and there was no opportunity to follow the spoor with accuracy, but they came up with the remains of the sick hunter partially eaten. The same day they put paid to the account with Simba, who turned out to be a full grown male in the best of condition.

Lions are possessed of knowledge above the ordinary. For instance a lion will usually take a black man in preference to a white. He seems to know that the white animal is the more dangerous. As there is a white man's law in Rhodesia against natives possessing rifles or guns of any kind, the native is at a disadvantage in personal encounters. But the natives often win. When they decide on a drive for buck the natives form a huge circle, the circumference containing perhaps several hundred men, shouting and slowly converging to a centre. As they finally close in this human net often catches many strange things other than buck. In recent years the

carrying of assegais is also forbidden, and the fight has to be waged with knob kerries. Hundreds of these thrown with practised skill account for the buck, but on occasions an angry and puzzled lion is found in the circle. There is consternation. Usually the lion is allowed to make his escape by a gate left open for him, but if illegal assegais are fairly numerous the lion is stuck in dozens of places by these weapons and his day is done. The natives like to eat the heart of a lion, believing that by so doing he acquires courage. There is no reason to think that a lion's heart would not taste equally as good as a bullock's heart, although I have never sampled it.

There is a belief that lions do not bother about killing except at night, and in the daytime will pass out of one's way. So long as the lion and the human are in agreement as to when the day ends and the night begins all is well. This is, I have heard, true of the lions of Kenya colony. But it was not true of all the lions of Rhodesia in my time. I had halted by a drift (river crossing) with a donkey waggon in the middle of a hot still July summer day, when with no preliminary warning a lion sprang on one of the donkeys, breaking its neck, and before my astonished eyes endeavoured to drag him free from the traces. My Mannlicher was handy and that lion ceased to be a live lion—he had become a statue of a very dead lion. The audacity of it has remained a source of wonder to me ever since. There was no mate about that I could ascertain, so it could not have been in a spirit of bravado, or a showing off, neither, I fancy, was it the urgent need of a father to provide for a hungry family.

I had a very real scare on one occasion. It was in a section of the Matoppos hills. Lions are seldom seen in those hills. They are wont to "run" up to the foothills on the Manzimnyama side and no further, this being the limits of the larger buck. Nevertheless one day when I was about a half mile ahead of a bullock team, riding a horse, on the look out for a small buck (duyker or steinbok) for the evening meal, I noticed my horse, who had been wobbling his head from side to side, suddenly stop wobbling and prick up his ears with a snort. I looked over my shoulder and very nearly jumped out of my skin. Not thirty yards behind me, coming at a dog trot along the track, was a lioness.

I was using a gun bucket to carry my gun, and the first instinct was to press the trigger and fire a bullet in the air with an idea of scaring the prowler. My horse by this time had sensed the trouble, but as I tried to turn him while I brought the gun up and loaded again from the clip (it was a friend's mauser), I noticed that Mrs. Simba had stopped and was crouching on the path, snarling. I did some rapid thinking, but could not think of much useful. If my horse got its way and turned its back on the lioness it seemed a hundred to one that she would charge and that I would get the worst of it. By this time the horse was unmanageable.

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with fright and I tried a desperate shot with the reins tugging at my arm where I had looped them. The bullet struck the dust behind the lioness; must have missed by a few inches only. I have always considered that one the best shot of my life; the conditions were so difficult for fancy shooting. The shot had the desired effect—the lioness leaped into the long grass at the side of the track and I could see the tips of her ears. She was watching me as a cat a bird. I was a somewhat unhappy bird and threw myself off the horse, who promptly bolted. I was now more confident, but from my lower view I could not see those ears. I waited anxiously for a move. I could see nothing. Then I ventured a shot in the direction I thought she might

be. Again nothing stirred, and from that day to this I have never again seen that lioness. When my friends arrived with the waggon they could not believe my tale. They had heard the shots, but very naturally concluded that I had got a couple of buck.

Ever since I have always been wary of rear attacks and never travel through any dangerous country without a frequent glance behind. Only the quicker instincts of my horse saved me from trouble—of that I am certain. There was something too businesslike about that dog trot—too much of the set purpose. I have always considered I gained a grey hair or two out of that little affair.

Racecourse Remarks

"A horse can do no more than win" you often hear said; in fact, it is not uncommon even in the sporting press. But a moment's consideration will show its inaccuracy, as a horse can win in a lot of ways, such as just struggle home and win by a head, or fluke it; it can win cleverly or comfortably, or win well; it can win easily, win by a "minute," or win after a lot of bad luck. All these different degrees of winning require to be considered in assessing the value of the form, so it is strange that the phrase "can only win" should be so loosely used at all.

Following Horses.

When a horse wins that a punter has unsuccessfully backed on a previous occasion, he is very apt to ruminate on the folly of not having followed it up, and, of course, on such an occasion he would be justified in somewhat reproaching himself. But here is a word of consolation. The profitableness of following up is only brought home when it comes off, as there is a tendency to forget the large number of losers previously supported that in the next half-dozen starts did not catch the judge's eye. There are plenty of ways of going bankrupt to choose from, but sticking to a horse that has given a bad exhibition is about as sure a way as any. It is, of course, a different thing if a horse runs well without winning; but if you find your judgment is astray in your estimate of the animal's capabilities—and I suppose this does sometimes happen—it can be discarded—a form of cutting one's losses.

The fair sex are very loyal in sticking to a horse, and particularly so if they win on it once. Incidentally, it is interesting to note the unconscious bias the ladies have towards certain horses. They certainly will not miss at least giving consideration to any competitor with an aristocratic name, such as Prince, Duke, or Sir. And they also have a great leaning to fillies if they have ever shown any form.

Punters' Pride.

Was it not Solomon who said "All Punters are"—well, "handle the truth very irresponsibly"? And, indeed, it is difficult to meet racegoers who own up to losing, though occasionally some not too vain individual will confide that he "did no good." There seems to be a sort of stigma attached to losing, though with the numerous chances against the backer there is really nothing to be

ashamed of, seeing that only one horse can win; and, therefore, in a field of, say, twenty, there are nineteen different ways of going wrong and only one way of going right—not to speak of bad luck.

Backed the Winner.

It is extraordinary the number of people of whom you hear who back the winner, even when an outsider gets home; and though, no doubt, it may be literally true, it is sometimes not the whole truth, it possibly being like the man who said he went to the races and backed the first five winners, and if he had any money left he would have backed the last. This means that very often some people let it be thought that the winner was their prime selection when, maybe, it was only a-saver.

After the Event.

"I thought it would win," is a wonderfully common remark made by a great many people when a race is over, although it seems inconsistent when coming from anyone who did not support it. Excuse, however, is reasonable, as one is afterwards really apt to think they thought so, as they probably did to an extent at one time or another of their considering, and it is really difficult to decide what your final opinion was as regards several horses unless you let it be determined by what you put your money on.

What a common thing it is to hear someone say, "I backed it," which has really nothing to do with the main part of the reminiscence, but it seems to be a sweet morsel to get in, and in any case it may have only been the narrator's minimum investment, being nothing to talk about.

Sympathy.

If you possess a complex for candour, and after a day's racing happen to mention to the average person—non-racegoers particularly—that you had a "bad day," it almost invariably happens that they laugh. This has always seemed to me rather unaltruistic on their part, it really appearing that a great many people are in their hearts glad to hear it; in fact, I knew a man once who, when asked how he got on, used to cynically reply: "You will be pleased to hear I lost." He almost made a habit of it whether it was so or not, his idea being that it was pleasanter to some listeners' ears, through not provoking their envy; and while this may not always be true, there is probably something in the view he took.

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Limerick and Gloaming

A Pair of Phenomenal Geldings

Prior to Saturday, September 21, it appeared absolutely certain that the £43,100, which Gloaming won in eight seasons, would be passed by Limerick while yet just at the commencement of his fifth year on the turf. But the suspensory ligament trouble, which caused the great son of imported Limond to finish a bad last in the Hill Stakes at Rosehill, has raised doubts as to whether he will ever race again. The time is, therefore, appropriate to compare his deeds with those of Gloaming, and as nearly every turf writer has given Limerick's stake-earnings in different sums, a deal of trouble has been expended in compiling an accurate record in order to place beyond doubt the value of the stakes Mr. H. A. Knight's gallant horse won. So here is Limerick's complete record:—

At Two Years.

Unplaced Manawatu Nursery Handicap, 5 Furlongs	—
Unplaced Manawatu Juvenile Handicap, 5 Furlongs	—
Unplaced Feilding Juvenile Handicap, 5 Furlongs	—
Won Dunedin Champagne Stakes, 6 Furlongs ..	£525
Unplaced Canterbury Middle Park Plate, 6 Furlongs	—
Second Canterbury Champagne Stakes, 6 Furlongs ..	160
Won Canterbury 34th Challenge Stakes 6 Furlongs	560
Won Manawatu 18th Sires' Produce Stakes, 6 Furlongs	525
Unplaced 22nd Manawatu Stakes, 6 Furlongs ..	—
	£1,770

At Three Years.

Won Rosehill Carlingford Mile	£186
Second Warwick Farm Hobartville Stakes, 7 Furlongs	200
Won Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes, 9 Furlongs ..	1,022
Second A.J.C. Derby, 1½ Mile	1,600
Second A.J.C. Craven Plate, 1¼ Mile	600
Second W. S. Cox Plate, 9½ Furlongs	150
Third V.R.C. Derby, 1½ Mile	500
Unplaced Melbourne Cup, 2 Miles	—
Won Rosehill Rawson Stakes, 9 Furlongs ..	498
Second Warwick Farm Chipping Norton Stakes, 1¼ Mile	200
Won A.J.C. St. Leger, 1¾ Mile	2,585
Second Sydney Cup, 2 Miles	1,200
Won A.J.C. Cumberland Stakes, 1¾ Mile ..	1,575
Won A.J.C. Plate, 2¼ Miles	1,572
	£11,888

At Four Years.

Won A.J.C. Warwick Stakes, 1 Mile	£740
Won Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes, 9 Furlongs ..	1,043
Won Rosehill Hill Stakes, 1 Mile	589
Won A.J.C. Spring Stakes, 1½ Mile	1,965
Second A.J.C. Metropolitan, 1 Mile 5 Furlongs ..	1,200
Won A.J.C. Craven Plate, 1¼ Mile	2,337
Second Randwick Plate, 2 Miles	500

Won Wellington Champion Plate, 1¼ Mile	850
Won Canterbury Gold Cup, 2¼ Miles	560
Won G. G. Stead Gold Cup, 1¼ Mile	560
Won Dunedin Hazlett Memorial Plate, 1 Mile ..	370
Won Rosehill Rawson Stakes, 9 Furlongs	526
Won Warwick Farm Chipping Norton Stakes, 1¼ Mile	758
Won A.J.C. Autumn Stakes, 1½ Mile	1,951
Won A.J.C. All Aged Stakes, 1 Mile	2,340
Won King's Cup (Randwick), 1½ Mile (including £100 trophy)	1,869

£18,158

At Five Years.

Won A.J.C. Warwick Stakes, 1 Mile	£735
Won Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes, 9 Furlongs ..	1,043
Won Rosehill Hill Stakes, 1 Mile	589
Dead-heat for First with Winalot A.J.C. Spring Stakes, 1½ Mile	1,167/10-
Unplaced A.J.C. Craven Plate, 1¼ Mile	—
Second Dunedin Hazlett Memorial Gold Cup, 1 Mile	80
Third Rosehill Rawson Stakes, 9 Furlongs ..	60
Second Warwick Farm Chipping Norton Stakes, 1¼ Mile	200
Won A.J.C. Autumn Stakes, 1½ Mile	1,832
Second A.J.C. All Aged Stakes, 1 Mile	600

£6,306/10/-

At Six Years.

Won A.J.C. Warwick Farm Stakes, 1 Mile	£758
Bad last Rosehill Hill Stakes, 1 Mile	—

Summary.—Australian performances: 21½ wins, 10 seconds, 3 thirds, 3 times unplaced. Stakes Won: £34,690/10/-. New Zealand: 7 firsts, 2 seconds, five times unplaced. Stakes Won: £4,190. Grand Total: 52 starts, 28½ wins, 12 seconds, 3 thirds, 8 times unplaced. Stakes Won: £38,880/10/-.

Gloaming had eight seasons on the turf, while Limerick had just begun his 5th year when the breakdown occurred, which may be only temporary, or may be permanent. At any rate he is not likely to race until the Autumn, if ever he does again. A comparison of the earnings of those two great geldings show that Gloaming's most remunerative season was at three years, when his 13 wins and two seconds netted £12,176. Limerick's best season was at four years, his 14 wins and two seconds being worth £18,158. Stake money, of course, had increased since Gloaming's time, particularly at Randwick, where both horses won the bulk of their earnings. For instance, Gloaming's share when he won the Chelmsford Stakes was £687, while Limerick's first victory in that race was worth £1,022, his second and third £1,043 each. When Gloaming won the Hill Stakes at Rosehill the prize was worth £474; and Limerick's win came to £526 in the same race. But, allowing for the differences in prize money it is simply remarkable that any horse should win nearly as much in a little over four seasons as the wonderful Gloaming did in

eight. The comparative winnings of this pair of super-horses are as follows:—

	Gloaming	Limerick
At two years	—	£1,770
At three years . . .	£12,176	11,888
At four years . . .	4,807	18,158
At five years . . .	5,630	6,306/10-
At six years . . .	5,865	758
At seven years . . .	4,238	—
At eight years . . .	2,205	—
At nine years . . .	8,179	—
	£43,100	£38,880/10-

Gloaming started in 67 races for the superb record of 57 wins, nine seconds, and once unplaced. The last-named performance was in the North Island Challenge Stakes at Wellington, when the tapes of the barrier broke and became entangled with Gloaming's legs, causing him to fall. So in reality Gloaming was never worse than second in any race he took part in, for, though technically a starter that day, he actually took no part in the race.

Up to date Limerick has started 52 times for 28½ firsts, 12 seconds, 3 thirds, and 8 times unplaced. Not such an impressive record as Gloaming's, but it should be borne in mind that the latter was reserved for weight-for-age races at distances no further than a mile and a half, while Limerick took on all-comers in all sorts of races and over all sorts of distances up to two miles and a quarter.

Obituary

We regret to announce the death on February 17th of Mr. M. J. Farrell, who had been a member of the Club since the early part of last year. Our late member was in the prime of life, having been born in 1883, and his demise was therefore all the more regrettable.

For some years the late Mr. Farrell had resided at the Boulevard, Strathfield, and his death took place in a private hospital at Lewisham.

Mr. Farrell was managing director of Messrs. D. S. Farrell, Ltd., general carriers, and the high standing of his firm was largely due to the influence of our late member, who was esteemed greatly by all who knew him in a business way or as a friend. Mr. Farrell knew horses well, and was a keen judge of them, and his carrying business was characterised by some fine animals that were used.

As a sportsman Mr. Farrell was prominent in many directions, his activities covering surf clubs in particular. He was the first president and life governor of the North Cronulla Surf Club, and was at the time of his death vice-president and life member of the Cronulla Surf Club. Both Mr. Farrell and his wife worked tirelessly through out the war period for the comfort of soldiers, and his untimely death will be greatly regretted by many a returned man who had reason to be grateful to our late member.

Mr. Farrell is survived by Mrs. Farrell and five children, to whom the deep sympathy of Club members is extended.

Mr. Farrell's remains were buried in the Roman Catholic portion of the Rookwood cemetery.

Forthcoming Racing Fixtures

MARCH.

Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 15th
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Saturday, 22nd
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 29th

APRIL.

Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 5th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 12th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 19th
Australian Jockey Club	Easter Monday 21st
Australian Jockey Club	Wednesday, 23rd
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 26th

MAY.

City Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 3rd
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 10th
Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 17th
Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 24th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Saturday 31st

JUNE.

Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 7th
Aust. Jockey Club (King's Birthday),	Monday, 9th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 14th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 21st
Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 28th

JULY.

Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 5th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 12th
Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 19th
Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 26th

AUGUST.

Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 2nd
Moorefield Racing Club (Bank Holiday),	Mon., 4th
Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 9th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 16th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 23rd
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 30th

SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 6th
Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 13th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 20th
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 4th
Aust. Jockey Club (Eight Hour Day),	Monday, 6th
Australian Jockey Club	Wednesday, 8th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 11th
City Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 18th
Canterbury Park Racing Club	Saturday, 25th
Rosehill Racing Club	Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 1st
Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 8th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 15th
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 22nd
Moorefield Racing Club	Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER.

Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Wednesday, 3rd
Aust. Jockey Club (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 6th
Rosehill Racing Club	Saturday, 13th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 20th
Aust. Jockey Club (Boxing Day) . .	Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club	Saturday, 27th

Across Australia in the Seventies

An Old Explorer

(C. Price-Conigrave.)

At the ripe old age of 86 years the only survivor of Ernest Giles' expeditions of the seventies, when the country between South Australia and Western Australia and a large portion of Central Australia was made known, is spending the sunset of life in his beautiful home in a suburb of Sydney. I refer to Mr. W. H. Tietkins, with whom I had recently the pleasure of a long chat after not having met him for twenty years. The old gentleman still takes a ready interest in Central Australia, and his memory of the country which he helped to open out so long ago has not dimmed with the passing of the years. Ernest Giles carried out one trip in Central Australia in 1872, when he was foiled in his attempt to penetrate to the headwaters of the Murchison River in Western Australia, and in the following year, in March 1873 to be exact, Giles, accompanied by Tietkins, who was then 29 years of age, and another young fellow named James Andrews, left Adelaide for the northern areas of South Australia. Giles decided to start the expedition from Alberga Creek, which is a tributary of the Finke River, and just before leaving the Peake Station a young chap of the name of Alf. Gibson prevailed upon the leader to allow him to accompany the party. Giles tried him out by asking whether he was afraid of being speared by natives, if he could ride, and whether he could starve and go without water. But the questions did not scare him off, and Gibson joined up. The party finally got away on August 4th, 1873, from Alberga Creek and proceeded westwards between the 26th and 27th degrees of south latitude. From a range which Giles called the Ayers Range he saw away in the distance a large mountain. It appeared to be of reddish-coloured stone, was very bold in conformation, and seemed to be of great altitude. Towards it Giles made his way, in the hope that in its vicinity water might be found which would make possible his projected march out to the westward.

As one reads Giles' journals, or, in fact, the records of any of these early Australian explorers, or speaks with survivors of the exploring field, one marvels at the bravery and resource of these men as they made their way into the unknown. It is well, I think always, to recall their work, for in the rush of modern life there is a tendency, one fears—particularly on the part of the growing generation—to take Australia as a matter of course without thinking overmuch of the trials and tribulations of these fine men who made the secrets of the great outback of the Continent known to the world in general. Tietkins is the last of the old brigade, and with the knowledge of such comes an inevitable touch of sadness. The other Saturday I sat smoking and yarning with Mr. Tietkins in the way that bushmen love to do. He told me that on the second expedition Giles and he on many occasions left the remainder of the party whilst they made reconnaissances here and there in an endeavour to find water on

their proposed line of route out to the west. Sometimes the leader went by himself, travelling light, and on one memorable occasion he went hungry and thirsty for several days before he retreated, beaten by the sandhills and the thick scrub.

Gradually Giles fought his way, step by step, out into the unknown, mysterious west. For month after month he, with his loyal companions, persisted in his endeavour to force a way through to Western Australia. At the end of April, 1874, Giles, accompanied this time by Gibson, left Tietkins and the others in camp and went out west searching for water. At a point 100 miles from his nearest known water Giles depoted two kegs of water on which, if he failed in his search, he intended to fall back. Still he went west, but at last was forced to beat a retreat. When within 30 miles of the buried kegs, Gibson's horse died under him. Giles then gave Gibson his own horse, and told him to get to the camp and tell Tietkins to come back for him as soon as he could. Giles eventually reached the kegs and found that Gibson had left one keg intact. It is worthy of note that the keg itself weighed 15 lbs., and it contained 20 lbs. weight of water. Despite weakness, owing to short rations and water, Giles, suffering torments from thirst, shouldered the keg and started off towards camp. Then he came to a spot where to his dismay he found Gibson had broken off from the tracks and had gone off towards the north—into the unknown desert. Instantly Giles feared the worst, and it made his own plight infinitely worse. Giles tells us that at any one time he could have sat down and drained the keg to its dregs, and yet day by day he strictly rationed himself to one pannikin of water from it, and staggered on. It is one of the most dramatic episodes connected with the whole story of Australian exploration. Giles longed to drink his fill, but in his journal he wrote: "It was the elixir of death that I was burdened with, for to drink it was but to die." By this time he was half-conscious only, but eventually he staggered into camp all out; and Mr. Tietkins told me that he would never forget the sight of Giles, who was as a man risen from the dead. Gibson was never seen again, and "Gibson's Desert," as it appears on the maps, was named so by Giles in honour of his unfortunate companion.

In my chat with old Mr. Tietkins the other day, I told him of the progress of Perth. "Yes," he said, "I would like to see it. Though we were beaten on the second trip, the third time—when we did it with camels—we got through from Adelaide to Perth. I haven't been to Perth since, with Giles, fifty-six years ago, I rode down St. George's Terrace on camels and all the police horses went mad at the sight of them. I don't go out much nowadays, though I still do a daily walk, and I keep this big garden going; but if I could go out I would make for Taronga Park. I should love to have a talk with the old camel there. It would seem like old times again."

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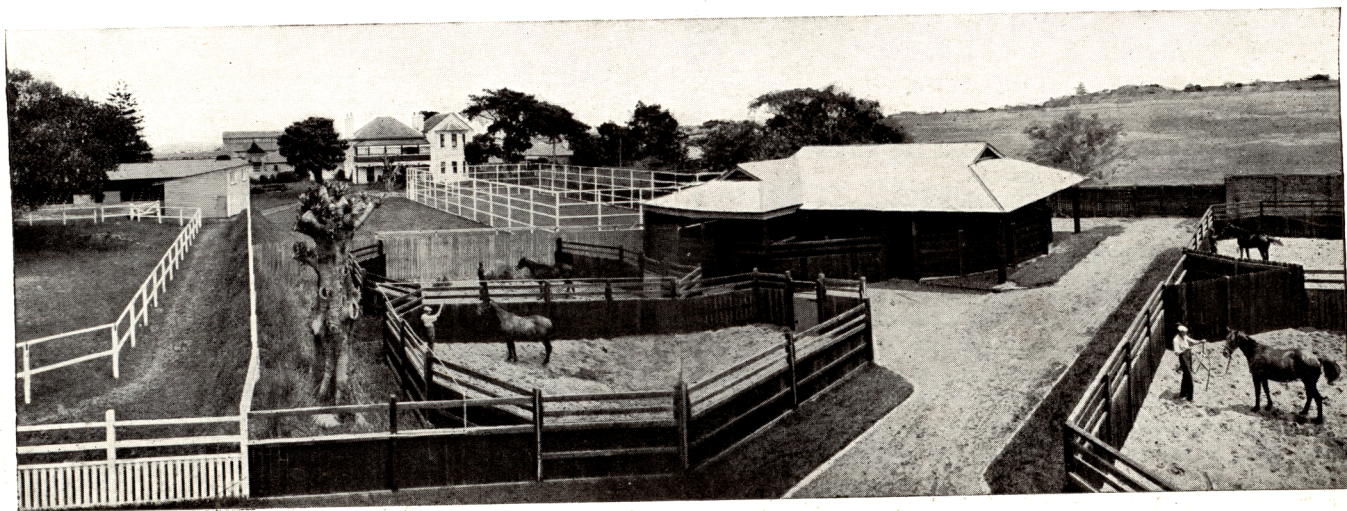
One of the events of the local sporting world is the Annual Sale of thoroughbred yearlings conducted by Messrs. Wm. Inglis and Son at their well-known Newmarket Stables at Randwick. The opening date is fixed for April 22nd, when yearling to the number of 528 are to be offered. This number in itself is indicative as to the growth and the increasing importance of the sales when it is compared with these for the year 1906, when the firm's record shows that 172 lots went into the ring to be eagerly bid for by interested buyers. In the latter year it will be recalled by the older sportsmen of Sydney the firm of Wm. Inglis and Son acquired the business of the Newmarket Stables from the late T. S. Clibborn, and it then entered upon a successful career with the late Tom Payten still in possession and in charge of the handling and general supervision of the yearlings. In this connection a few fleeting notes with regard to Payten may not be amiss. Over fifty years ago Fennelly's Bazaar was a conspicuous feature in Pitt Street, Sydney, that sporting centre then being situated opposite O'Brien's Tattersall's Hotel. It has been recorded that during one morning in 1876 a tall, thin young chap, who had just come down to the city from his father's farm at Menangle, strolled in and asked Mr. Fennelly for a job. He was engaged almost on the spot, and this country youth, as is well known, developed into one of the most experienced of trainers Sydney has ever known. At the time Fennelly had in hand the jumpers Goulburn and Hotspur, belonging to Mr. James White, these animals being quartered in stables out Redfern way, in Cleveland Street to be exact. In those premises Payten learned the ins and outs of the profession which he was to adorn so much later on. Some time later Fennelly moved his establishment to Lower Randwick, and a neighbour, Harry Raynor, joined him in a partnership that lasted for many years. Payten was installed as "Head lad," youth as he was, but the fact remains that even before the Randwick premises, now known as Newmarket Stables, had been

well established, Payten had been responsible largely for Fennelly's securing four out of a six event programme that was run off by the Sydney A.J.C. in the year 1877. Officially it would be correct to say that Abercorn was the first winning horse turned out by Payten. Prior to 1887 the training of all horses at Newmarket were to the credit of Fennelly, but in September of that year Fennelly died and to Payten then fell the responsibility of the preparation of horses in the stables. James White secured the Newmarket property some time later, and Payten saw to it that his team was well looked after. He shone particularly in turning out two-year-olds and three-year-olds.

On the death of Mr. White, Payten became possessed of Newmarket, but this he sold some time before his death, and obtained other quarters which are still in the occupation of his well-known son, B. R. Payten.

In 1918 the firm of Wm. Inglis and Son took over in their entirety the Newmarket Stables, and they then made extensive improvements to the property. At the present time the property comprises 10 acres of ground with 450 loose boxes, paddocks, large feeding stables, sand yards, and the various etcetera that are familiar to most Australian sportsmen. In charge of the stables is Mr. Peter Riddle as No. 1 trainer, and it is a foregone conclusion that he will leave nothing undone to make the forthcoming sales a huge success.

Tom Payten's record in classic races is outstanding. He sent out four winners of the A.J.C. Derby in succession. The fifth year his candidate finished second, and the sixth year he again provided the winner. He trained in successive years three winners of the A.J.C. St. Leger; in the fourth year he led out the second horse, and in the fifth year the winner. At Flemington he won the Victoria Derby in successive years with Ensign and Dreadnought; the Ascotvale Stakes three years in succession with Volley, Spice, and Titan; also the V.R.C. St. Leger in successive years with Abercorn, Volley, and Dreadnought.



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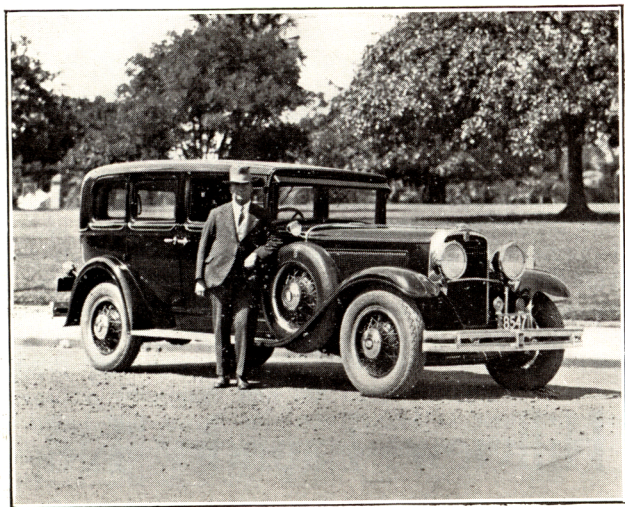
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MOTORING

While the majority of Club members who visited Melbourne for the important Autumn racing carnivals were content to travel by train, Mr. W. Pearson, owner of Amounis, one of the greatest horses to race on this side of the world, saw fit to travel by his Cadillac car, where he saw his champion again acquit himself with distinction. Of course, Amounis amounts to a fetish with Mr. Pearson. Next in his regard undoubtedly comes a good game of auction bridge, at which Mr. Pearson rather prides himself on his capabilities. But motoring is, among Mr. Pearson's pastimes, almost as popular as bridge. And why not? There is undiminished joy in motoring when one is able to indulge in the class of car that Mr. Pearson boasts.



Mr. Chas. Smidmore with his new Nash Eight.

Mr. Chas. Smidmore, of Manly, who is well known to many members of the Club, has taken over delivery of a Nash Twin-Ignition Eight and speaks in the highest terms of it. This gentleman started motoring in 1905 with a 15 H.P. Talbot. At the same time, as will be remembered by many, he had a motor boat which in those days was reckoned to be quite speedy when it did 21 miles per hour. He was also one of the earliest motor cyclists in the State. Up to 1925, Mr. Smidmore did 175,000 miles in various Talbots, and in that year he got his first Nash and since then has totalled about 75,000 miles. It is worthy of note that in 1909, Mr. Smidmore put up a record for the trip from Sydney to Goulburn which, in a Talbot 15 H.P. he did in 3 hours 50 minutes. In speaking of some of his early motoring experiences the other day he referred to a run to the Jenolan Caves when a bearing was run out. As no white metal was available the bearing was run in with lead by which means Sydney was eventually safely reached.

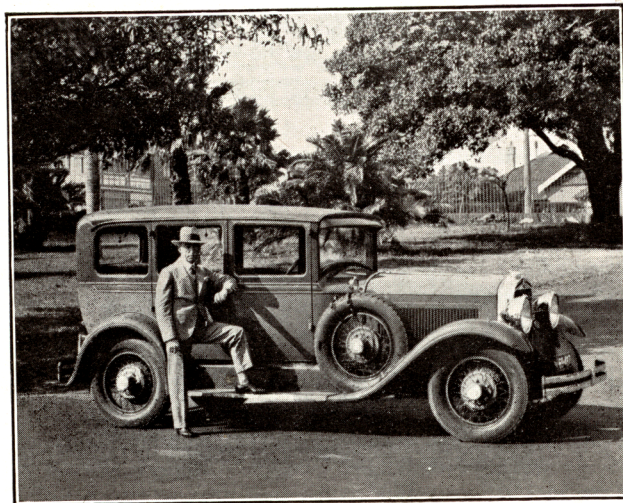
Part Played by Carbon

The part that carbon plays, says A. R. Code, is a very simple thing. Carbon is a good heat insulator when the inside of the combustion chamber is coated with it, and a firm layer reposes on top of the piston, it holds into the burning charge a considerable quantity of the heat which should be carried off through the cooling system. And it also occupies space within the combustion chamber, reduces the clearance volume, and increases the compression, therefore the temperature also is increased.

So, for these two reasons, carbon induces higher temperatures and a greater tendency for the fuel to knock, and is to be avoided. Realising this fact, lubrication, engineers who have made a careful study of the lubrication requirements of the internal combustion engine will recommend, in all cases, an oil of exactly the proper body and character to burn cleanly in the amounts reaching the combustion chamber.

* * *

Low Pressure.—Low pressure in the rear tyres may make easier riding, but low pressure in the front tyres makes harder steering—and low pressure in any tyre results in expensive damage to the side walls.



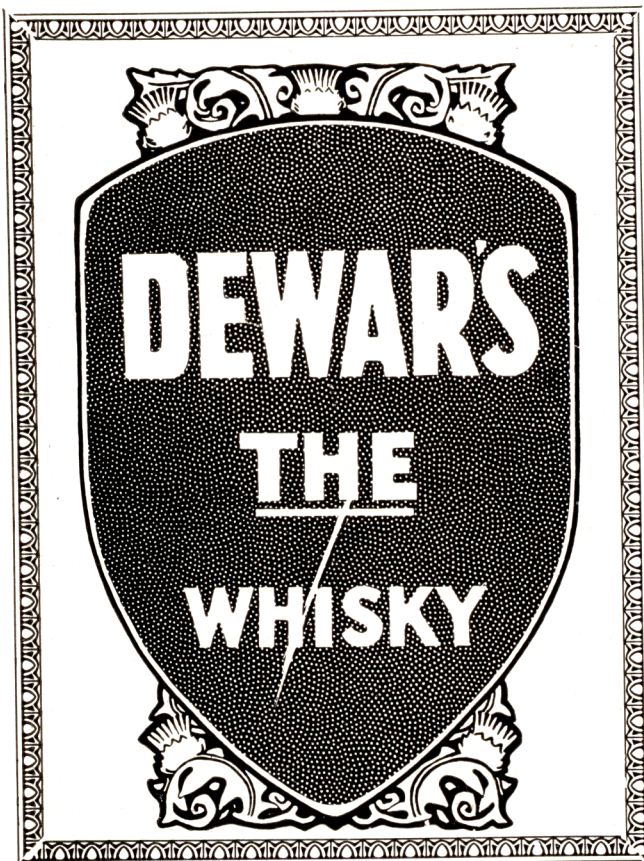
One of Sydney's most popular trainers, Mr. M. Polson, is here seen with his Studebaker car.

Removing Dust

Care of Radiator.

The best method to use for the removal of rust and sediment from the radiator is to fill it with hot water in which a small amount of ordinary washing soda (about one teacupful to each two gallons) has been dissolved.

Run the engine with the spark retarded for 15 or 20 minutes, until the solution has become hot, and has circulated through the entire system. Drain out the radiator and flush out the system with clean water, using a hose for the purpose. Do not permit the soda solution to remain in the radiator for more than an hour. Be careful not to spill any of the soda solution on any painted or varnished surface.



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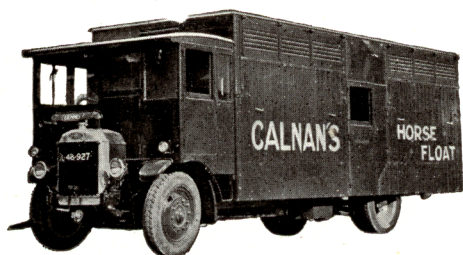
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FORT DENISON

(Fort Denison is a prominent feature of Sydney Harbour. Recently it has been suggested as a suitable site for the erection thereon of the mast of the "Sydney" as a memento of the historic encounter of that war vessel with the German raider "Emden" at the Cocos Islands. The following article dealing with some of the gruesome earlier history of Fort Denison will be read with interest.—Editor T.M.).

Before the time, some seventy years ago, when the powers of the day decided to provide Sydney Harbour with a chain of forts, the spot we know as Fort Denison was officially known as Rock Island. The name was given in the earliest days of the Colony, but the natives earlier still called it Matta Wayne, and the convicts named it Pinchgut (the designation it was commonly known by until it became Fort Denison). Long years ago it was a beautiful little islet—a group of rocks covered with stunted green—and in the centre, rearing upwards to a height of about 70 feet, was a great central pinnacle of rock. It was a favourite resort of the natives, who probably used it as a fishing ground, but not long after the white man came to Port Jackson he put the little island to so grim and terrible a use that it became a place of terror to the less enlightened native, and he frequented it no longer. The simple aboriginal could not be made to appreciate the white man's types of punishment, and though the particular event which drove him away was intended to be a lesson to the natives, and to show them that the law would deal with the white man as severely as with the native, if he called for punishment, its only effect was to fill their simple hearts with terror and disgust, and the spot was taboo from that time onwards. Rock Island had become a place of punishment for the most incorrigible prisoners, who were sent out there to live on a ration of bread and water, the meagreness of which caused them to name their place of punishment "Pinchgut," a name of dire meaning, which still clings to the spot. But the crowning terror of the island was the hanging of a particularly atrocious murderer on a gibbet erected on the top of the rock. A writer of the time tells how a depraved fellow hired himself out to kill a man in his sleep, the rate of pay to be half a pint of rum. He carried out his contract, and later himself paid the penalty of death; but we are not told if his employer suffered any punishment.

The murderer, Francis Morgan, to be a shocking example to others and a sign to the natives, was condemned to be hanged on the Rock. The gibbet was erected accordingly on the crown of the rock, the man was hanged, and his body apparently hung there as an awful example for a very long time afterwards, for in one or two of the early memoirs—which are to be found in the Mitchell Library—the new arrivals mention the gibbet with its horrible burden as being one of the first things that met their eyes as they came up the Harbour, though it does not seem to have struck them as a very terrible or unexpected sight. Unfortunately, such sights were not uncommon in the first days of settlement.

At last, in 1841, word went forth that Pinchgut should be fortified, its guns to support those from Dawe's Battery. The great central rock was blasted into a heap of ruins, the beauty of the island destroyed,

and then it was discovered that no money was forthcoming to complete the work of fortification, and for many years it remained a mere heap of stones. In the 'fifties Russia, looming large as our natural enemy, turned Governor Denison's thoughts to the fortification of Sydney. Working in conjunction with Colonel George Barney, of the Royal Engineers, then Surveyor-General, he conceived a great defence scheme. Fort Denison was to be one of a ring of forts to protect Sydney, the series of sixty guns to comprise the forts at Mrs. Macquarie's Chair, Fort Macquarie, Dawe's Point, Kirribilli Point, Bradley's Head and Pinchgut.

It will be seen that the Governor believed in having his fortifications as near to the city as possible, and he intended evidently to give the enemy a chance of what might be called a hand-to-hand conflict well within the shelter of the Heads.

The destruction of the Rock and conversion of the island was not favourably regarded by a large number of Sydney residents, Dr. Lang being one of the most outspoken objectors. He regarded the destruction of the beauty of the island as a pure piece of vandalism, and he spoke of the fort as "a ginger-bread affair," but, as a matter of fact, Fort Denison hardly deserved this epithet. We may scorn it as a fortification in the light of modern ideas, though a returned soldier recently put it "There were plenty of worse places in France," but its masonry, built on solid rock, is a piece of fine workmanship. The massive slabs of sandstone, keyed together with granite dowels, reach to great thickness in tower and barbican, and stand to-day as solid as when they were first erected.

Carved in the centre stone of the inner roof of the roof which still carries the big guns is the date "AD. 1857," and down below the tower are the cells forming segments of the circle which look like dungeons of the Middle Ages.

The tower is still kept in the fighting trim of sixty years ago. Big guns still stand ready with ropes and tackle to draw them into the embrasures. The old-fashioned ramrods and cleaning apparatus are all in place, and on the shelves are the old leather powder boxes. There is also an interesting assortment of brass oil jugs of beautiful and antique style, and a great brass gong, which used to be sounded during fogs before the bell was placed on the island.

Pinchgut, as Fort Denison, has had a very uneventful career; its supreme adventure seems to have been nothing more exciting than the firing of one of the big guns by two skylarking sailors, who landed on the island one evening under cover of darkness. It happened during the Boer War, and no doubt was intended to create a sensation. Nowadays the Fort serves more useful ends. The red light above the tower is an important shipping guide, especially to ships coming out of Woollloomooloo.—M.D.M.

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Club Notes and Notices

Tattersall's Golf Club

Following on recent notices which have appeared in the Club Magazine, it is pleasing to report the great enthusiasm that is being shown by the Golf Club Committee. To date over sixty members have been enrolled and applications are coming in every day. As previously advertised, the first outing is to take place at the Manly Golf Club on Thursday, 20th March next.

The President, the Hon. T. G. Murray, M.L.C., Mr. J. T. Hackett, and Mr. Sid Baker have donated trophies for the day. Following on the outing a dinner is to be held at Tattersall's Club at 7.30 p.m., after which a cinematograph film showing some of the World's leading golfers in action, will be screened. Mr. Will Corry, the well known golf expert, will also be in attendance to demonstrate various shots and answer any questions that members may be interested to ask.

Entries for this first event close at 1.30 p.m. on Monday, 17th March next, and forms for same may be obtained from Tattersall's Club Office.

Be Sure of Your Grip.

"Be sure of your grip" is of first consideration in golf. The most popular and most satisfactory grip is the "over-lapping."

Harry Vardon adopted it years ago, and other famous stars have followed his lead. Some still use the two "V" grip with all fingers on the club and appear to be satisfied with the results obtained, but this is because of habits formed early in their golf careers.

In starting the game it would be best to get used to over-lapping, as the hands united control the club better and furnish more power in the swing.

One hand will not fight the other. The club is gripped in the fingers, not in the palms. The left thumb has plenty of room with no fear of being pinched as it lies alongside of the shaft in the palm of the right.

If the reader is an old player he might do well to make a change. If he is a beginner it will be greatly to his advantage to start the right way.

Interesting Decisions on Golf Rules.

From time to time instances occur which do not appear to be satisfactorily covered by all the rules of golf. In each issue of this magazine examples will be given of unusual incidents together with the ruling on the subject by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

In a stroke competition a competitor's ball lodged in a tree. What should be done in the circumstances?

Answer: If the competitor's ball is found in a tree, Stroke Rule 11 can be applied. Such obstructions as trees should, however, be made the subject of local rule, vide "Recommendations for Local Rules."

May a professional act as caddie in stroke and match play competitions?

Answer: Yes.

At an open meeting the winner in the men's singles returned his card with only the initials of the marker on

it. The Local Committee on checking the cards discovered this, and being of the opinion that initials did not constitute a signature they decided not to award the prize until they had the opinion of the Rules of Golf Committee on the matter. No objection had been lodged by any of the other competitors.

Answer: The action of the marker was irregular. The Rules Committee is of opinion that if the Local Committee can identify the marker by the initials they should accept the card.

* * *

An event of outstanding interest to golfers is the visit of the great American golfer, Walter Hagen, and our former Australian champion, J. H. Kirkwood. Unfortunately, they came in for all the quarantine trouble caused by a case of smallpox being aboard the Aorangi, but their enforced stay at North Head did not affect the manner of their play. In the few games that Hagen has played in since coming ashore he has astounded the gallery by the accuracy of his play. He has showed that there is a greater necessity for accuracy than for hard, and perhaps erratic hitting. His driving and his play in approaching have been a revelation to all.

Kirkwood's first game after his release from quarantine was as a guest of the Elanora Golf Club, when he gave an exhibition of trick shots.

GOLFERS !



All those members interested in Golf are advised that arrangements have been completed for the first outing on

Thursday, March 20th, 1930

AT THE

& Manly Golf Links &

The Day's Programme is as follows:

Afternoon: 18 Holes Bogey Competition

Trophies donated by Hon. T. G. Murray, M.L.C.,
Mr. J. T. Hackett, Mr. Sid Baker.

Evening: Dinner at Tattersall's Club at 7.30.

Followed by Cinematograph Film showing some of the world's leading Golfers in action.

**Entries close on Monday, March 17,
at 1.30 p.m.**

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Club News and Notices

Annual Subscriptions

Members are asked to note that subscriptions for the current year fell due for renewal on the 1st instant, and members are respectfully requested to forward to the Secretary their cheques in payment of subscriptions at their earliest convenience.

Membership List

In future issues of the Club magazine it is proposed to publish a progressive, up-to-date list of members proposing and seconding candidates for Club membership. Following the due election of any candidate, the name of a member interested, either as proposer or seconder, will be entered in the list. Should the same member be identified with any further nominations an asterisk will be placed opposite his name. The object of publishing such a list is to create a spirit of competition in the matter, and at the same time keep members posted up as to the growth of Club membership and those responsible for such a position.

Heard in the Club

Experience is about the only thing in the world you cannot buy on the easy-payment plan.

* * *

Slang is just sport-model language, stripped to get more speed with less horse-power.

* * *

It is estimated that the United States now has 17 distinct dialects, not counting the new Hollywood British.

* * *

Every sportsman has an ambition to knock about the world. Some gratify this ambition by travelling and some by playing golf.

* * *

The latest thing out:—The daughter of the house.

* * *

A prize has been offered for a definition of home. Isn't that what's on the allotment with the garages?

* * *

Now that it has been discovered that the word "circumference" can be spelled phonetically in 396,000,000 different ways, it ought to be right most of the time.

* * *

If Sir Walter Raleigh stopped on the street to-day to lay down his coat for Queen Elizabeth, we'd have two more traffic victims.

Theatre Bookings

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Union Theatres, Ltd., Hoyts, Ltd., Prince Edward Theatre, and the Grand Opera House to accept on behalf of Club members bookings over the telephone, and to hold tickets until five minutes before the start of performances.

List of New Members Elected

24/2/30.

Messrs. C. R. Dunlop; J. P. Gunning, W. P. Gunning, A. R. Grant, A. Landa, J. L. McDermott, A. Staveley, C. H. Tarrant, D. Kerr, M. Mackellar.

Tattersalls Club Infantile Paralysis Serum Fund.

Appeal for Funds.

The Chairman of the Club (Mr. A. C. Ingham) has been requested by Sir Charles Clubbe, through Mr. J. Rolle, to bring under notice of Club members his appeal on behalf of the Infantile Paralysis Serum Fund.

Sir Chas. Clubbe writes: "Serum can only be obtained from the blood of those who had the disease. Very little can be obtained from children, and to get it in any quantity we must find young adults. Our first work is to search out and get the consent of all suitable donors, arrange for the bleeding at Prince Alfred Hospital (where the serum will be prepared), arrange for the transport of these people to and from the hospital. All this takes time and money, and cannot be done in a moment. That is why we must be prepared before the epidemic comes. We are also doing our best to educate the public and medical men in this matter.

The Chairman points out that Sir Chas. Clubbe stated in an interview that in the ordinary course of events a return of the disease of infantile paralysis may reasonably be expected before long, and he uttered a plea that the medical profession should be furnished with the equipment to wage a campaign against this fell malady. It is rather curious that in an age when so much devoted energy is being expended in an attempt to relieve ills to which the human flesh is heir, so little should have been done in this particular direction. Infantile paralysis, Sir Charles emphasised, is not aptly named, for while children are the chief sufferers, adults are not immune. But it is to the children that the heart goes out in the most poignant pity. The death rate is high, and too often the little victims who survive, are stricken down at the threshold of their lives, doomed to be helpless cripples for the rest of their days, embittered perhaps by the thought that they are a burden to the community. The mischief wrought by this scourge can be definitely diminished by preparation and organisation. The fact that it is in our power to defeat this enemy, concluded Sir Charles Clubbe, is a challenge which we should surely hasten to accept. The endeavours of other countries serve as an object lesson.

In response to the appeal for this worthy object the following have contributed. Should any member desire to add to the total he is asked to forward the amount to the Secretary of the Club:—

J. A. Roles £25, Messrs. Fielder, White & Prosser £5, T. Low £5, A. J. Matthews £5, J. T. Hackett £5, F. Moses £2, W. Kelso £2, R. Miller £2, W. E. Forsyth £2, E. Forsyth £2, S. Baker £2, H. Emerson £2, Frank Aldritt £2, W. C. Aldritt £2, J. M. Dunningham £1, R.

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BOWLERS—ATTENTION, PLEASE!

Tattersall's Bowling Club

has been formed, and the Honorary Secretary will be pleased to receive the names of any Members interested in the Game, with a view to selection for, and inclusion in, Teams visiting Suburban Clubs.

Subscription 5/-.

E. D. CLARK,
Honorary Secretary.

24th February, 1930.

TATTERSALL'S BOWLING CLUB.

Notice to Members.

At a meeting of Bowlers held in the Club Room on February 17th, 1930, the following officers for the season were elected:—

Patron, Mr. A. C. Ingham; President, Mr. S. Gilder; Vice-President, Mr. M. J. Kinnane; Committee and Selectors, Messrs. W. Lamrock, J. Wood, M. Faul; Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. E. D. Clark.

It is the intention of the Club to promote friendly games weekly for members. The fee has been fixed at 5/- yearly.

24th February, 1930.

INTER-CLUB CHALLENGE CUP BRIDGE COMPETITION.

The above competition was advanced another stage on February 25th, when the Commercial Travellers' Association team competed against the Club team at Tattersall's Club with the following results:—

L. Bloom, A. Langley (Tattersall's Club), 1640 v. Moylan and Balmain (Commercial Travellers' Assn.), 1174.

J. Dowling and A. Thompson, 848, v. Braid and Schackle, 1301.

S. M. Jacobs and A. A. Marks, 1757, v. Gibson and Benjamin, 1934.

D. N. Alexander and G. Chiene, 1440, v. A. Benjamin and H. Alexander, 214.

Totals:—Tattersall's Club, 5685; Commercial Travellers' Association 4623.

SWIMMING POOL.

Large numbers of members have attended the Swimming Pool during the past month, particularly on the few hot days that were experienced. The following are the results of the events in the Swimming Pool during the past month:—

40 Yards' Handicap—6/3/30.

First Heat: F. Taylor (33), 1; A. Richards (21), 2; J. Gambier (35), 3. Time, 32 4-5 seconds.

Second Heat: V. Armstrong (29), and R. Cathels (24), tie, 1; K. Wheeler (22), 3. Time, 29 seconds and 25 seconds.

Third Heat: W. Garnsey (24), 1; J. Wilkinson (32), 2; S. Carroll (24), 3. Time, 23 2-5 seconds.

Final: W. Garnsey (24), 1; V. Armstrong (29), 2; F. Taylor (33), 3. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

60 Yards' Handicap—13/2/30.

First Heat: N. Longworth (33), 1; W. Garnsey (38), 2. Time, 32 4-5 seconds.

Second Heat: A. Richards (36), 1; S. Carroll (39), 2; V. Armstrong (45), 3. Time, 36 seconds.

Final: N. Longworth (33), 1; A. Richards (36), 2; S. Carroll (39), 3. Time, 32 4-5 seconds.

40 Yards' Handicap—20/2/30.

First Heat: K. Wheeler (23), 1; H. Robertson (19), 2; R. Cathels (24), 3. Time, 22 3-5 seconds.

Second Heat: N. Longworth (19), 1; A. Richards (21), 2; C. Beck (25), 3. Time, 19 1-5 seconds.

Third Heat: V. Armstrong (29), 1; M. Garnsey (23), 2; S. Carroll (24), 3. Time, 29 seconds.

Final: K. Wheeler, 1; V. Armstrong, 2; N. Longworth, 3. Time, 21 4-5 seconds.

THE DEWAR TROPHY.

The points scored to the 27th February for the Dewar Trophy are as under:—

V. Armstrong 8, K. Wheeler 7, S. Carroll 7, N. Longworth 7, A. Richards 6, W. Garnsey 6, H. Robertson 5, R. Cathels 3, F. Taylor 2, E. Kennedy 2, J. Gambier 1, K. Hunter 1, T. Watson 1, J. D. Wilkinson 1, F. Carberry 1, C. Beck 1.

60 YARDS HANDICAP.

First Heat.—K. Wheeler, 36, 1st; A. Richards, 36, 2nd; V. Armstrong, 46, 3rd. Time, 36sec.

Second Heat.—H. Robertson, 32, 1st; S. Carroll, 40, 2nd; E. Kennedy, 39, 3rd. Time, 32sec.

Final.—H. Robertson, 32, 1st; S. Carroll, 40, 2nd; K. Wheeler, 36, 3rd. Time, 31sec.



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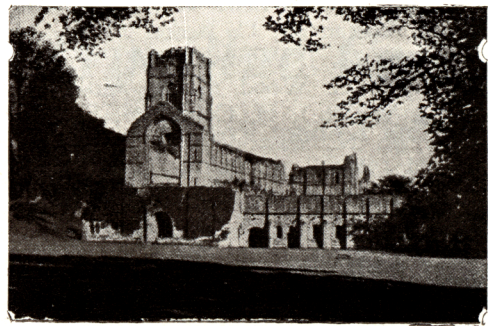
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Personal Club Notes

Alderman Arthur Whiteley, who is seen often in the Club, is leaving for England by the outgoing Orford. As President of the Petersham District Cricket Club, it is a foregone conclusion that our worthy is not sorry to be travelling by the same vessel by which the the Australian Test Eleven goes to the Old Land. Mr. Whiteley purposes being absent from Sydney about nine months, during which time he will visit the United Kingdom, the Continent and the United States of America.

* * *

One of the most widely known figures on Sydney and Melbourne racecourses is Mr. E. H. ("Teddy") Knight. The stories this gentleman can tell regarding the launching of commissions on big events in years gone by are remarkable. This is not surprising, because he has been behind very many of the big moves in the support of horses that have won various of the important handicaps at Randwick and Flemington. Enjoying the confidence of owners, and a particularly keen judge into the bargain, with the added attribute that he can always correctly foretell the strength of a market, Mr. Knight proved himself an ideal commissioner. Nowadays he does not frequent Melbourne racecourses as often as was formerly the case, but he seldom misses V.R.C. Autumn and Spring campaigns. In accord with custom, Mr. Knight visited Melbourne for the Autumn festivities just concluded. He did not see the Oakleigh Plate run, but was at Caulfield for the Futurity Stakes and there saw the Flemington carnival through. By the way, Mr. Knight is well and favourably known as not only a capital commissioner, but his advice has frequently been sought by wealthy owners before these latter have effected a purchase of a racehorse at a big figure. Mr. Knight's knowledge of horseflesh and its capabilities is no mean one.

* * *

The name of Foulsham is, and has been, prominent in the racing world of New South Wales and Victoria for very many years. Mr. I. Foulsham has effected some big coups, his most recent celebrated winner being Blackadder in the A.J.C. Epsom Handicap. Mr. G. Foulsham entertained high hopes of doing well with a jumper in W.B. at the V.R.C. Autumn meeting, but the gelding went wrong, and Mr. Foulsham had his trip for nothing.

* * *

A club member in Mr. D. Lewis was, a couple of weeks ago responsible for a performance that is not often registered by a member of his profession. At Warwick Farm he annexed three races in the one afternoon. Mr. Lewis has not been content to remain at home in his endeavour to win races, and during the past six months he has paid visits to both Brisbane and Melbourne. A quiet, unassuming character, Mr. Lewis does not rely on forcefulness to gain him attention. Rather he is content to rest upon his accomplishments to gain him celebrity. Many decent wins have been credited him, one of the most recent being in the Sydney Cup with Crucis.

Sydney sent a big contingent of club members to Melbourne for the recently concluded Victorian racing carnivals. Among these was Mr. Herwald G. Kirkpatrick, whose bonny little filly, Gay Ballerina, has caused the sportsman-architect and business man to devote more attention than usual to the sport of kings. Mr. Kirkpatrick is highly elated over the good deeds of Gay Ballerina, and he is almost as pleased over the success of his recent business venture—the founding of one of the most up-to-date tourist resorts in Australasia at Lapstone Hill.

* * *

Mr. Eric Connolly, after his lengthy and most serious tussle with Old Father Time, is again frequenting the haunts of which he is one of the most familiar figures in Australia. He resumed his association with the racecourse at the V.A.T.C. Autumn meeting at Caulfield, and will arrive in Sydney in a day or two. No doubt on his arrival here he will again prove the most persistent visitor, as usual—at the yearling stable of Messrs. H. Chisholm and Co. and William Inglis and Son, Ltd. A remarkable judge of the points of a racehorse, Mr. Connolly always manages to assess the possibilities of the 800-odd yearlings that are annually offered for sale at Randwick.

* * *

Mr. Leslie Barnett has had to tear himself away from his Sydney business interests; he is head of one of the biggest wholesale firms in Sydney—on more than one occasion during the past few weeks in order to visit Melbourne, where that wonderful galloper of his—Greenline—has had to meet important racing engagement.

* * *

Club members will shortly welcome back to the club premises one of its most popularly known members in Mr. E. J. Tait, who has been "doing" America, England and the Continent. Mr. Tait has been keeping his eyes open during his absence, and more than once extracts from his letters have appeared in the daily press. His references to the "speakeasies" in America—the land of prohibition—are rather amusing.

* * *

Listed for arrival in Sydney shortly is Mr. Ian G. Duncan, one of the foremost breeders of horses in New Zealand. Mr. Duncan is one of the most pleasing personalities to visit Sydney for the Autumn meeting and the yearling sales. A big business man in Wellington, he is also one of the honorary stewards on the committee of the Wellington (N.Z.) Racing Club. The latter is one of the most progressive clubs in the Southern Hemisphere.

* * *

All club members sympathise with one of their number in Mr. Frank Gahan, who was deprived of the services of his great galloper, Holdfast, in the V.R.C. Newmarket Handicap. A bite by an insect rendered Holdfast out of count. Most people regard Mr. Gahan as most fortunate in his possession of Holdfast, but his good fortune is not what it should be. Mr. Gahan was deprived of the chance of winning the richly endowed A.J.C. Sires Produce Stakes because Holdfast's sire was

not nominated. Then, in the Champagne Stakes, in which the two-years-old took his place, the heavens opened with a downpour that reduced the track to a quagmire. And in this class of going Holdfast was almost useless. The rain on that occasion almost certainly cost Holdfast the race and a stake in excess of £3,000. In the circumstances the Wedge gelding has not been as fortunate as he might have been.

* * *

Mr. Dan Carroll, one of the club's leading entertainers, has paid one of his periodical visits to Queensland. According to Mr. Carroll, the recent rains in the Northern State have had a most beneficial effect.

* * *

Another club member in Mr. C. M. Grocott has succumbed to the lure of the other side of the world. A fortnight ago he boarded the Taipang with his cabin trunks, marked Hong Kong. After transacting business in this Eastern point of the British Empire, Mr. Grocott—who is a director of Prescott's, Ltd.—will then proceed to London, calling in at Ceylon and Suez on the way.

* * *

Mr. H. L. Smith, managing director of Smith, Wylie and Co., is at present en route to Hong Kong.

* * *

Mr. W. Kelso has been hobbling about for some time with an affected leg. His troubles were aggravated three weeks ago, when he was kicked by a horse on the right knee. Fortunately, the latter member was covered with a steel cap, otherwise the damage would have been far more serious. Mr. Kelso has not been precluded from following his usual occupation.

* * *

His business interests recently took Mr. N. B. Freeman to Melbourne, but he was back in Sydney without any undue delay. As head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation in Sydney, Mr. Freeman occupies a big position in the motion picture industry.

* * *

Mr. Otway R. Falkiner has added to his city business interest by accepting a seat on the directorate of the Commonwealth Wool and Produce Coy. Ltd. It is fitting that this gentleman should assume this position as he is one of the biggest "wool men" in Australia.

* * *

Among the many club members who visited Flemington for the V.R.C. Autumn meeting was Mr. Robert Miller. While this gentleman was interested merely as a spectator, he no doubt recalled more than once the day when he achieved his greatest turf success—and they have been many—at Flemington. The occasion was Windbag's memorable victory in the Melbourne Cup. Since then Mr. Miller, with Loquacious, effected another remarkable win when this full sister to Windbag scored in the A.J.C. Metropolitan. But, irrespective of what the future holds in store for Mr. Miller, it is safe to say that he will not win another race that will embrace as much significance as did Windbag's Melbourne Cup.

* * *

Mr. T. Ahern, a member of the club, and president

of the Brisbane Amateur Turf Club, spent a few days in Sydney whilst he was travelling from Brisbane to Melbourne for the big racing carnival. The Queensland climate, supposed to be so severe, has not affected Mr. Ahern, who looks remarkably well. The probabilities are that for the next few weeks Mr. Ahern will be a constant visitor to the club, because he is almost certain to remain here in order to see the important racing at Randwick.

* * *

A big man in practically every sense, and particularly in the business world, Sir Samuel Hordern's remarks on Australia's position financially and otherwise, on the other side of the world were read with marked interest on the return to his native land of the Australian sportsman. Sir Samuel's remarks were rather to the point, but they clearly indicated that, although he displayed interest in the racing world, he kept a close touch with business matters, particularly to those concerning the welfare of Australia. Sir Samuel, accompanied by Lady Hordern, returned from England by the Orford, and during the next few weeks the titled member of Tattersall's Club will be freely welcomed by his multitude of friends. Sir Samuel occupies an exalted position in the opinions of leading sportsmen in Australia. He is sure to appreciate the new premises of Tattersall's Club when he renews acquaintance with the new Club House.

* * *

When an Orient liner leaves Sydney next month quite a number of Tattersall's Club members will be aboard, to be joined by another member in Mr. Sol Green, all bound for the other side of the world. Mr. Bert. Jolly, a very prominent Hurstville business man, whose racing colours have been successfully carried by Autumn Balloon, is taking what he terms is a well-earned rest. And the business interests that Mr. Jolly has built up clearly indicates that he is not only entitled to a reward in the shape of an English trip, but that he would be foolish not to avail himself of the opportunity for such relaxation. Mr. Nat Seamonds, another Club member, has also taken his ticket to London by this overseas liner. No doubt Messrs. Jolly and Seamonds will do all they can to assist Mr. Green's Strephon to the winning post. During the voyage it is safe to say that Mr. Green will advise the Australian XI. players as well as an Australian team of bowlers to have their interest on Strephon. And with Mr. Green on board it is certain that there will never be any trouble in getting a team together for a hand at bridge. It is going to be a merry party.

* * *

Mr. R. C. Hagon is at present visiting Tasmania. He is accompanied by his daughter.

* * *

Sir J. J. Smith, whose many business interests include the successful production of newspapers, is Australia's "big man" in the Rugby League world. Sir Joynton was in his element when he welcomed home the other day the Australian Rugby League team. The code's chief sponsor would very much liked to have had his team return with the ashes. These were missed by only the narrowest of margins.

In the Card Room

Auction Bridge—No Trumper that lost a Grand Slam

Auction bridge is a fascinating game, and one of its chief fascinations lies in its extreme diversity. No two hands are ever alike, and when four players sit down for a rubber the cards run in a fashion that is a peculiarity of their own. On occasions we find that rubbers will be decided in two deals, and in other instances we find that half-a-dozen deals leave a game still in the air. We will strike a session of cards where one pair of players will win with monotonous regularity, and on other occasions there is hard and close fighting throughout a four or five hours sitting. Then again we will find honors and doubles adding appreciably to the tally above the line.

Last week four players were engaged in the Club in a game that was even more brimful of incident than is usually associated with a game of auction bridge. The bidding was full of incident while the cards were running in a bewitching fashion. For instance, in one rubber four consecutive hands showed a declarant with eight honors in spades or hearts failing by one trick to get his contract. In another rubber one of the players held 100 for aces, but could not declare no trumps; while a couple of hands later his partner had honors in hearts, but only got game by declaring no trumps instead. There was yet another hand in which a no-trump bidder had a grand slam scored against him, and two others where one side had a grand slam in their two hands, but did not make a bid. A redouble which went down was another unusual incident of the play.

Some of these incidents require explanation as the quartette was made up of sound and thoroughly experienced players. The grand slam hands, which did not bid at all, were, of course, hands in which each partner was blank in one suit and strong in two others; but neither could start a bid, as the dealer had called a pre-emptive four spades straight off. The holder of the 100 aces hand, who called spades and got game, did so because two diamonds were bid in front of him, and his ace of diamonds was bare. With five sure diamond tricks against him no trumps would have been folly. The converse case, where the holder of heart honors got a game in no trumps, was easy enough, too, as the quart-major in hearts had no small ones along with the four tops, but there was strength in spades and clubs, while the partner had called a diamond. The redouble hand carries a good lesson in bidding, and the deal was:—

N.

Spades—A, K, Q, J, 5.
Hearts—5, 4.
Diamonds—A, K, J.
Clubs—7, 4, 3.

W.

Spades—10, 9, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts—2.
Diamonds—8.
Clubs—J, 9, 8, 5.

E.

Spades—
Hearts—K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 6, 3.
Diamonds—6, 4, 3.
Clubs—Q, 10, 2.

S.

Spades—8.
Hearts—A, J, 7.
Diamonds—Q, 10, 9, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—A, K, 6.

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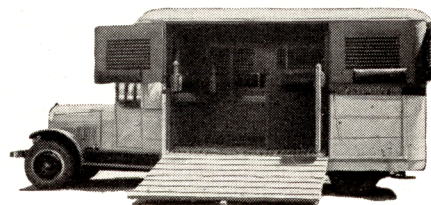
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The score was love all. S. dealt and bid 1 no trump. W. passed. N. called 2 spades, E. three hearts, and S. three no trumps. W. passed and N. called four spades. E. passed and S. did not bid again. W. doubled and N. redoubled. All then passed.

N. could get only nine tricks and was down 200. His mistake was in persisting with the spades for the honors after S.'s warning. As all four suits were fully accounted for: W.'s double could only mean a long string of spades to the 10, and with six certain no trump tricks in his hand and a partner who had bid three no trumps at the same time denying the spades, he should have foregone his honors and left the no trump in to get a certain grand slam. S. could not himself go back to no trumps either before or after the redouble simply because he did not know where the ace and king of diamonds lay. There was no excuse for N.

The other curious hand was the no trumper, which lost a grand slam. The deal was:—

N			
Spades:	9 4 3 2		
Hearts:	8 7 6		
Diamonds:	A Q J		
Clubs:	A 9 6		
W		E	
Spades:	8 7 5	Spades:	K J 6
Hearts:	Q 5 4 3	Hearts:	K 10 9 2
Diamonds:	K 10 9 8 2	Diamonds:	4 3
Clubs:	2	Clubs:	J 10 7 3
S			
Spades:	A Q 10		
Hearts:	A J		
Diamonds:	7 6 5		
Clubs:	K Q 8 5 4		

The score was love all. S dealt and called 1 club, only refraining from no trumps until he should hear from his partner. W. bid a diamond to indicate a lead, expecting a no trump call from N. The latter, however, was content to leave it in diamonds, knowing he could save game. E. fell in through thinking W.'s diamond call indicated strength, and that he had the other three suits stopped. He called 1 no trump, which all passed. It is easy to see how he never got a trick, N. leading spades through twice and giving S a heart discard on the ninth trick with the thirteenth spade.

An argument arose one afternoon recently concerning one of the games. The deal in the contentious game in question was:—

N.			
Spades—K, Q, 10, 6, 4.			
Hearts—5, 2.			
Diamonds—K, 6, 5, 4.			
Clubs—3, 2.			
W.		E.	
Spades—3.		Spades—8, 5.	
Hearts—6.		Hearts—Q, J, 10, 7, 3.	
Diamonds—Q, J, 10, 9.		Diamonds—A, 8, 7.	
Clubs—A, Q, J, 10, 9, 6, 4.		Clubs—K, 7, 5.	
S.			
Spades—A, J, 9, 7, 2.			
Hearts—A, K, 9, 8, 4.			
Diamonds—3, 2.			
Clubs—8.			

At love score S. dealt and bid 1 spade. W. called 2 clubs and N. 2 spades. E. then called three clubs and S. three hearts. W. went to four clubs and N. and E. each passed. S. went to four hearts and W. and N. passed. E. doubled and S. and W. passed. N. called four spades and all passed.

S. is a sound player and correctly called a spade instead of the slightly stronger hearts, intending to call he hearts at the next round if afforded the opportunity. This is the proper way to bid a two-suiter, because on the call of the second or inferior suit the partner can go back to the first suit if desirable without increasing the contract. The next three bids are obvious and we come to S.'s second bid of three hearts. It is argued that as N. had intimated assistance in spades by his rise S. need not have bothered to show the hearts at all, but simply have called three spades. S., of course, knew this, but also knew that the better plan was to proceed with the call of his two-suiter, leaving the decision to his partner as to which suit was better for both hands. W.'s rise to four clubs rather left N. in the air. He explained that if W. had not overbid S.'s three hearts he must have taken S. back to spades. He overlooked the fact that he only had to bid three spades over the four clubs, and as he had not three assists he would not go to four spades. E., of course, passed. Now we come to S.'s call of four hearts. He realised he could cover the bid with three spades and with N.'s first raise that he should get three; but he also knew from experience the value of the two-suiter when properly called, and, as he wanted game on the hand he determined to force his partner to declare which of the two suits the hand should be played in. He, therefore, called four hearts. This bid came round to N., and he undoubtedly went to sleep. He obviously should have called four spades, showing his preference without increasing the contract. E.'s double was also bad calling, as he had only to pass to defeat the heart contract badly, and he should have known that S. and N. had the spades as a refuge. S.'s pass of the double simply meant that he was determined to play the hand in whichever of his two suits N. was best in. E.'s double might have been a ruse to trick him back to spades for all he knew, so he passed it back to N., simply hoping he would wake up to the situation. N. woke up alright and called four spades, which S. got easily enough. In the course of the argument S. found himself rather ahead of his field in regard to his calling three hearts, then four hearts, and then passing the double, but he was perfectly right in all three. On the hand after the cards had been played it certainly looked as if it would have been simpler never to have mentioned the hearts at all. A bid for three spades would have probably secured the contract, as neither opponent could call five clubs, and the game was sure.

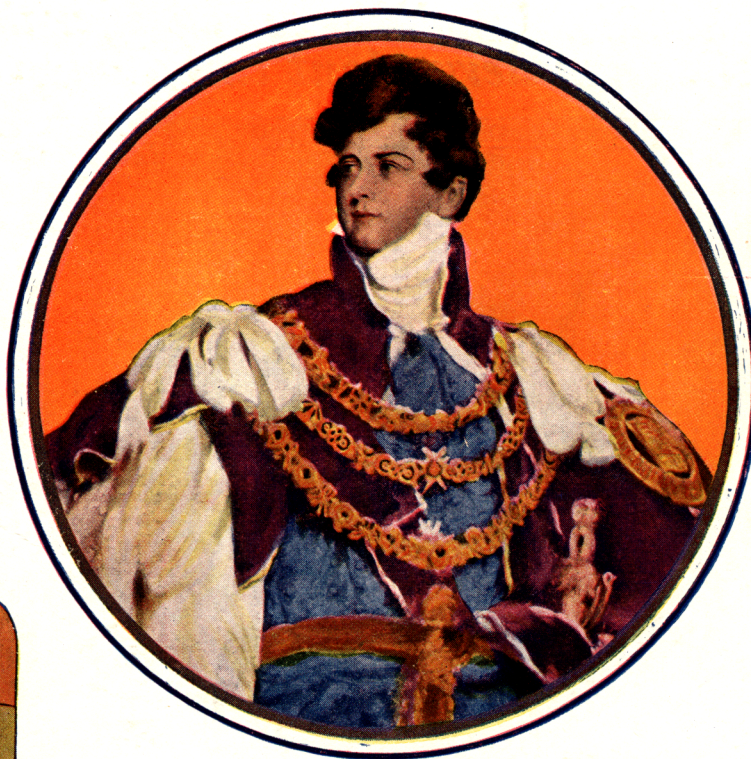
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